

MARVEL®
9th June 90

THE REAL

№104 45p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

HEY, I'M NO FOOL!
I'M A **REAL**
GHOSTBLISTER!

**WORLD CUP STICKER
COLLECTION 1990**
- READERS' OFFER INSIDE!

ISSN 0954-9404



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There are some plays that have such bad curses connected with them that it is unlucky to mention their name, but this week **The Real Ghostbusters** get involved in a play so cursed that it hasn't even been performed. Well, that is until now and it's called '**King McHamlet!**'

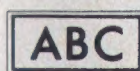
To continue the entertainment theme there is the first part of a new adventure called **Video Nasties!** In this story you can find out what happens when ghouls and ghosts decide they don't like what is on the television and start making their own programmes.

As if that isn't enough, there's a double page helping of **Blimey! It's Slimer!** plus all your regular favourites.

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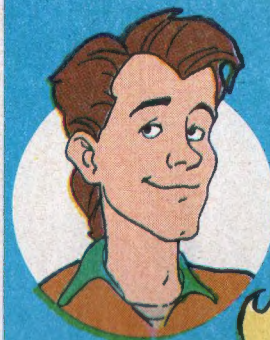
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Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE

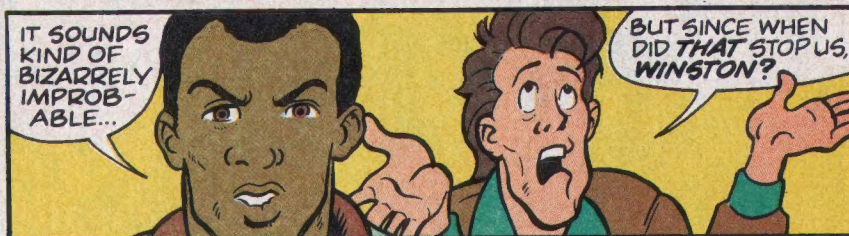
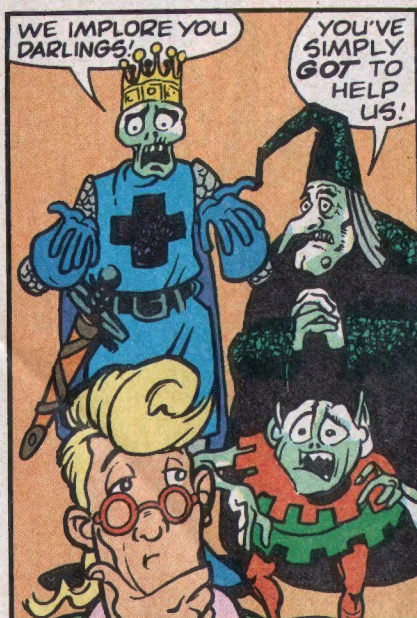


JANINE
MELNITZ



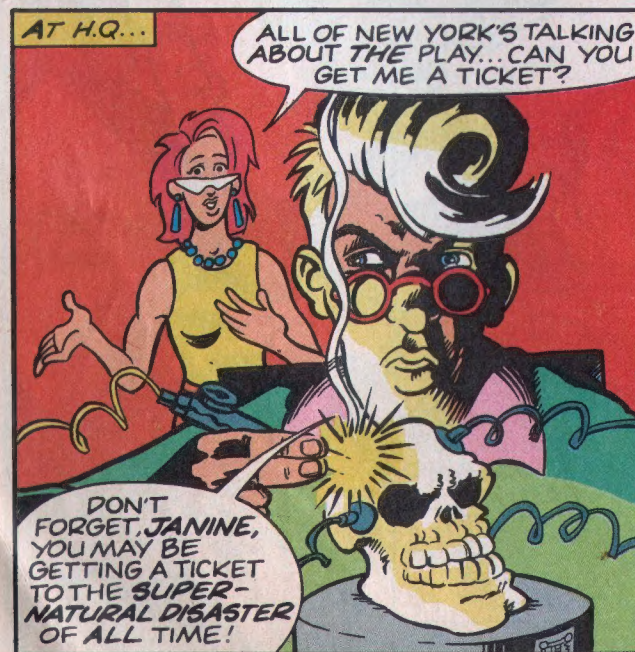
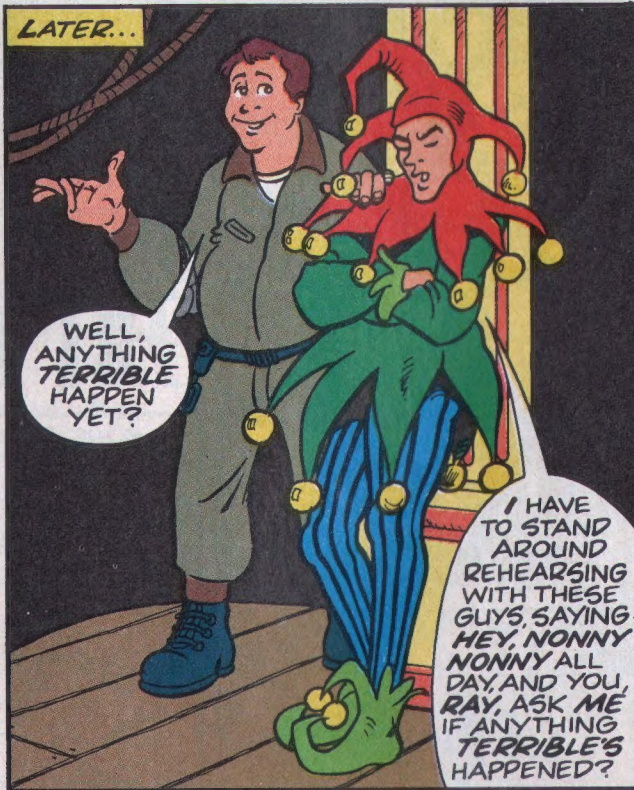
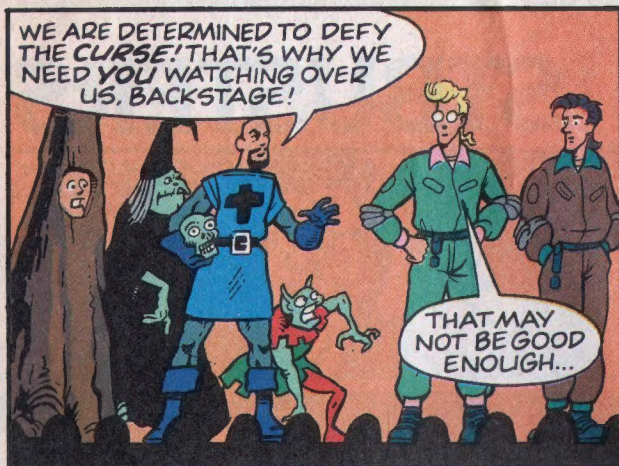
SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



King M'Hamlet





THE NIGHT OF THE PLAY...

FORSOOTH
AND
GADZOOKS!

AND
ANOTHER
FORSOOTH!

AND MORE
GADZOOKS!

MEANWHILE, BACKSTAGE...

DO YOU HAVE
A BACKSTAGE
PASS?

NO, BUT I
DO HAVE A NUCLEAR
ACCELERATOR ON
MY BACK!

ON STAGE...

PRITHEE,
MY GOOD
SIR!

VERILY
VERILY, OLD
BEAN!

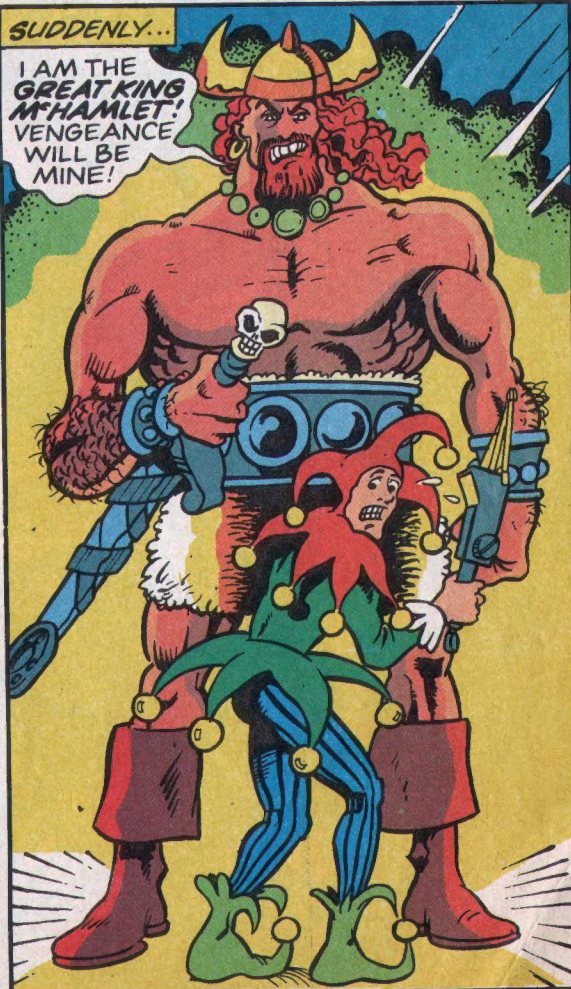
HEY, NONNY,
NONNY! THE
P.K.E. METER'S
GOING
CRAZY!



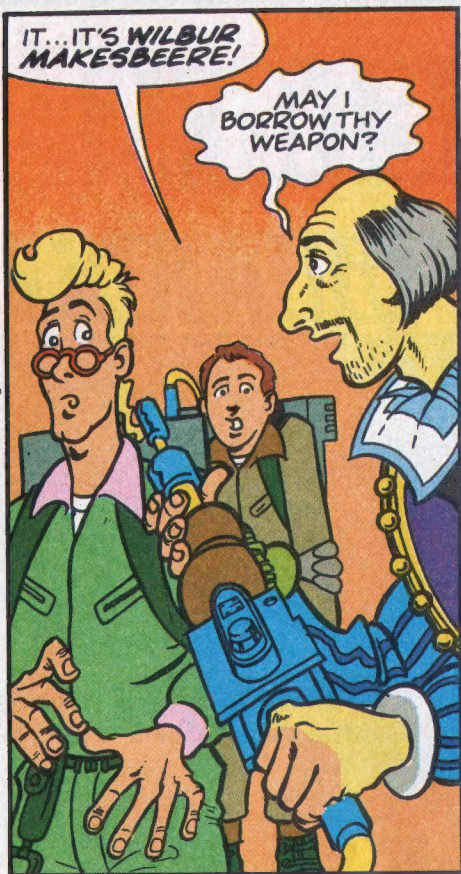
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS!

SUDDENLY...

I AM THE
GREAT KING
M'HAMLET!
VENGEANCE
WILL BE
MINE!







SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE



PART 104

Last month, I attended the annual Wilbur Makesbeere Celebration lectures at the birthplace of that famous dramatist – Stratford-On-Johns. Makesbeere enthusiasts from all over the world gather on the banks of the slow, meandering River Johns, in Unisex, to talk of and hear about the world's second-greatest playwright. I attended for two reasons – firstly, I am a considerable fan of Makesbeerian tragedy (*King McHamlet*, *Titus Anewticus*, *Richard the Tarred and Hottelbottello*) and secondly, I was invited to speak on the relationship of Makesbeere's works to the Supernatural. No one who has read a Makesbeerian play can deny that if Makesbeere wasn't actually involved in the workings of the Supercosmic, then he certainly kept up with the Ecto-news pages of Ceefax on a regular basis. Here is a summary of my lecture on the strange life of the great writer.

Wilbur Makesbeere – A Life
Makesbeere was born on July 21st, 1460 and died on the same day. This in itself is a truly remarkable thing – how did he get so much written in such a short length of time? The young (was he ever

anything else?) Wilbur's Uncle Raymondo was one of the infamous Makesbeeres of Lady Under-Water in Shillingsetshire, whose occult rituals and all-night whist-drives are well documented in Vondahuck's *Is That An Ace Tucked Up Your Cuff, Or Have You Got A Swollen Wrist?* It is likely that Wilbur learned much about the Supernatural from Raymondo.

Wilbur's occult leanings first showed up when he fell over in Threadneedle Street and his Uncle told him he'd leaned too far. Then, in *King McHamlet*, we read the scene of the five witches (three wasn't enough for Wilbur). I quote Act One, Scene Two, lines 2036-2042:

"1st witch: When shall we five meet again?

2nd witch: When the hurly burly's done?

3rd witch: When the 10p's run out in the tumble drier?

4th witch: That will be 'ere the close of the laundromat.

5th witch: Oh, Look! Grey teatowels! Socks all lost! Anon!

All: Foul is all and blacks have run,

The washer on the wrong setting has spun!"

I think this says it all, but also remember Hottelbottello's –

"Put out the cat and then put out the cat."

And *Timon Again* –

"Is this a Dachshund I see before me?"

And this from Sonnet 10, 720 –

"Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?

Thou art more changeable with scattered showers and strong wind prevailing from the West."

See what I mean? I'll leave you with this thought (again from the Scotty Play) –

"There are more thongs in Heaven and Earth, Than were worn by Johnny Weissmuller in all the Tarzan Movies, Horatio."

See you next week.

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IN-FRIGHT ENTERTAINMENT!



Story JOHN FREEMAN Ⓢ Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD

Real Ghostbuster Peter Venkman thinks he can spot a ghost easily...or can he?

Peter was tired and hungry when he boarded the Boeing 747 that he hoped would take him home to his warm bed and only slightly smelling laundry basket. With a sigh of relief, he checked the details on his ticket and dropped into his seat, gazing out at the tarmac of Kuala Lumpur airport. "Young man," said a high, squeaky voice, "I do believe you're sitting in *MY* seat..." Peter looked up and was confronted by an angry looking little old lady, tapping the back of the seats in front of him with the end of a tightly-rolled umbrella. She was dressed – well, in an old-fashioned sort of way, the way some old people dress. Gleaming glasses were perched on the end of a long nose and she was giving Peter a very hard stare. "I don't think so," Peter said, "You see, I made a late booking – I had a tough job here and I wasn't sure when I'd be flying back to New York!" "YOUNG MAN!" said the old lady sternly. "In all my years of travelling, I have *always* had a window seat. This particular airline has *always* ensured I get a window seat due to my immeasurable custom. The only time I haven't had a window seat was back in 1931, when I was flying from Bombay to Alexandria..."

"Okay, okay, I'll move," said Peter, struggling up, too tired to argue. Busting ten Level five, Free-floating phantoms in an electronics factory had been very hard work. He just wanted to sleep. The old lady pushed past him and sat down, sighing with relief. "That's better," she said as Peter sat beside her. She gave him an enormous smile, and Peter suddenly felt really glad he'd moved. "I'm sooo grateful, young man. My name's Mrs. Titmus. You are..?"

"Venkman. Peter Venkman," Peter yawned in reply. The old lady gave a short gasp and stared at him. There seemed to be a little bit of alarm on her face. "Not the world famous Peter Venkman, the renowned Real Ghostbuster?" she squealed.

"The very same."

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Titmus. "What an honour! How on earth did you get a seat on *this* flight? You really are so clever, you

Ghostbusters. Why, I remember reading about you recently in *Spiritualist Weekly*, only last month. I said to my friend Mrs. Davenport – she's a bit deaf you know..." Warning lights flashed telling the passengers to fasten their safety belts and then the jumbo began to get into position for take-off. Up front, one of the stewardesses was standing in the aisleway, explaining what people should do if the plane crashed. "Fat lot of good all that is," said Mrs. Titmus.

"People don't take a blind bit of notice, I can tell you. Look at that man there, reading his newspaper." (Peter looked – and was a little alarmed to see that the man the old lady was pointing to had a claw where his hand should be). "He's always on this flight every other year or so, and he never pays attention. Why, if we crashed into the sea he'd be totally useless. I expect he doesn't even know where his life jacket is!"

Peter nodded, watching the man with the newspaper carefully. The claw seemed to have vanished now. Gee, he was tired – imagining ghosts where there weren't any. Yes, that was it. He started to nod off as the plane began to build up speed then took off with a triumphant roar from its four engines. "So tell me, young man," said Mrs. Titmus, smiling sweetly as she prodded him in the ribs, "what exactly was a world famous Ghostbuster doing in Kuala Lumpur?"

"Well, we had a report of ghosts in radios," said Peter, "so Egon traced it back to the factory where they were made, which was in Kuala Lumpur. While they were off dealing with a Serengeti swamp monster, I was assigned to this job."

"My goodness, weren't you scared?" asked Mrs. Titmus.

"Heck, no!" replied Peter. "Bravery's my middle name." Peter recalled how the ten ghosts had terrorised him in the factory, throwing half-made radios and stereo speakers at him as he tried to bust them. "There were only ten of them."

"Ten!" squealed Mrs. Titmus. "And you, alone against them all. Such courage."

"It's pretty easy if you keep your head on

your shoulders," yawned Peter. He remembered how the ghosts had finally cornered him with a midi-stack system and a compact disc player. If they hadn't started insulting his mother, perhaps he would never have gotten out of that corner.

"Fascinating. Well young man, I shan't be content until you tell me some stories about your work. It sounds so much more interesting than my job."

"Er, what is that, exactly?" asked Peter.

"Oh, a little bit here, a little bit there," Mrs. Titmus replied, spryly. "I get by. In fact I'm on to something new in Maine right now. A small house in the country. Nothing fancy. I hope I won't do anything too alarming you know."

"You can't do much to alarm people in Maine," Peter quipped.

"You'd be surprised," replied Mrs. Titmus, as the stewardess plonked a typical airline meal down in front of both of them. "So, tell me your stories!"

So, Peter—never one to brag—began to tell Mrs. Titmus about the Babblers, and how he'd busted them single-handedly, with a little help from the other Ghostbusters of course! Then went on to boast about his dealings with all manner of supernatural invasions. Pizza ghosts, biking phantoms, tempestuous demons! How he'd bravely climbed the Empire State building once, just to despatch the ghost of a giant gorilla...Mrs. Titmus was enthralled. In fact, tired as he was, Peter didn't even notice when the Jumbo landed in Hawaii for re-fuelling, then headed off for New York.

"So, how do you spot these...ghosts?" said the old lady.

"Oh, it's pretty easy," said Peter. "I can usually tell at a glance—I don't even need our special Ghost Detector—our PKE Meter. That's for the other guys."

"Oh really?" replied Mrs. Titmus. She was particularly interested in the run-of-the-mill ghosts, the sort you find inhabiting your shoes or stuck down the back of a sofa. She seemed to have a soft spot for them. "They sound like some of my closest friends," she said, explaining that she herself had once seen a very friendly ghost in Alabama, which made the most perfect poached egg, even in a microwave.

"Er, right," said Peter, wondering if Mrs.

Titmus was altogether right in the head. He looked beyond her and out of the window. "Hey, there's New York!" he shouted, delighted to see his home town again. "Dear me, so it is," said Mrs. Titmus. "Doesn't time fly with friends? Well, this is my stop," she added. "I must be off." "Ha ha," said Peter. "We all get off here, you know."

"I think you'd better wait until the plane lands, young man," replied Mrs. Titmus. Then with a wink, she vanished! Peter was stunned.

There was worse to come. After Peter had landed, he rushed to meet the other Ghostbusters, to tell them how he'd spent the whole flight stopping a ghost from scaring the other passengers. "Peter!" exclaimed Winston, jumping up from his seat in the airport waiting lounge. "We weren't expecting you for at least another hour—they said your flight had been delayed over Hawaii..."

"But that's my plane, out there," replied Peter, pointing at the Jumbo he'd arrived on. As soon as he did, it vanished! "I think I need a rest," moaned Peter.

"Sure—hey, how about a holiday in Maine?"



CHARLES CHASE MANTELL

This showtime spook turned up at the re-opening of the Magipix soundstage to wreak his revenge on the celebrities who had gathered there. The Magipix soundstage was one of the main studios of the silent movie era until its closure due to fire in 1931, but in its hey-day, Charles Chase Mantell had made over four hundred films there. He was loved by cinema-goers the world over, but after the fire he was forgotten. For fifty years he waited and at last, when all the celebrities had gathered for the re-opening, he demanded the recognition, fame and fortune that he deserved.

For the scorn of the countless cinema-goers, Mantell trapped the celebrities in the soundstage and forced them to watch all his films over and over again. . . for all eternity!

Luckily, Winston and Janine were among the crowd and Winston promptly had the great idea of awarding him an Oscar for after-life achievement.

Mantell was so moved by the presentation that he left peaceably to that great dressing room in the sky!



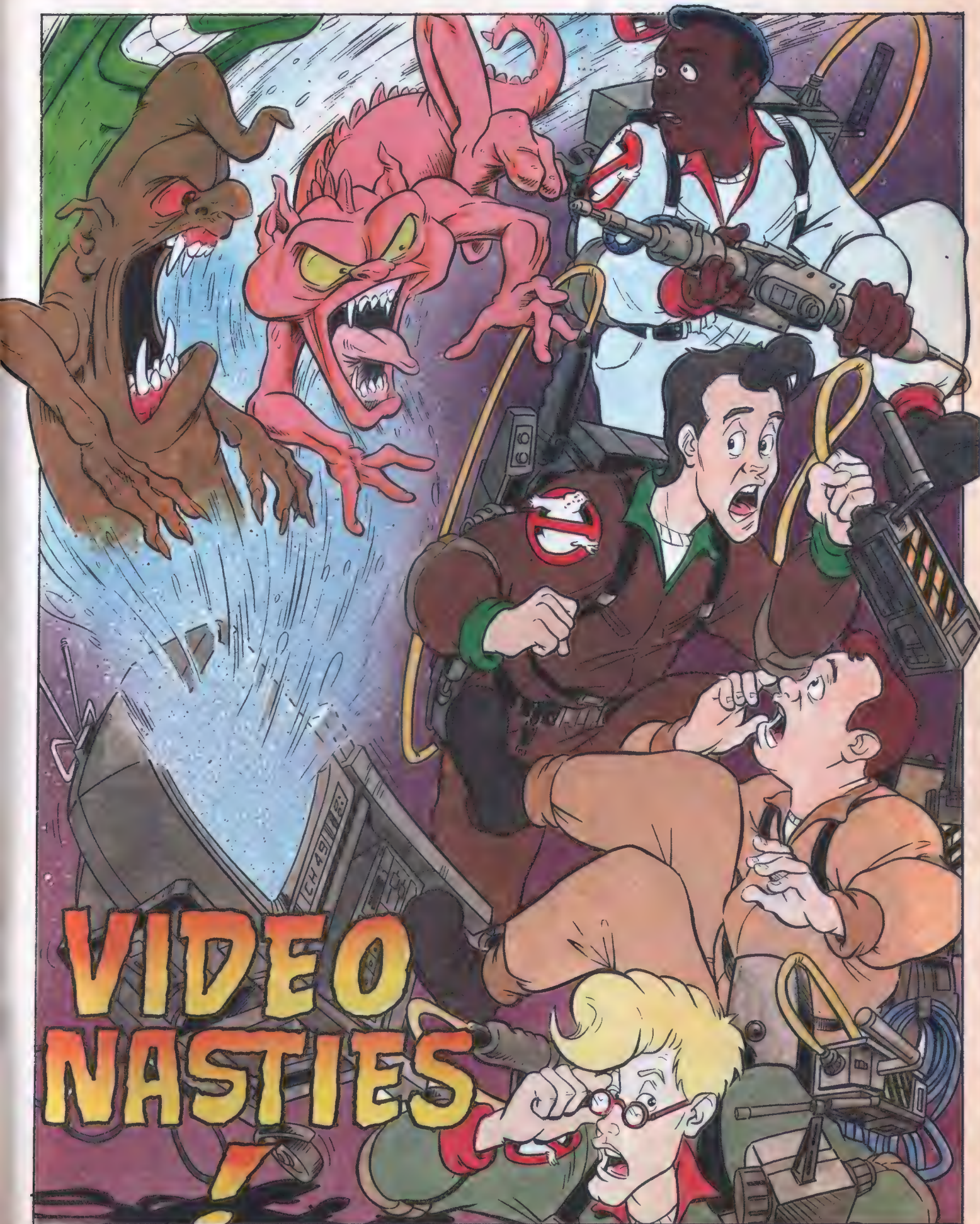
DEAD TRUE!



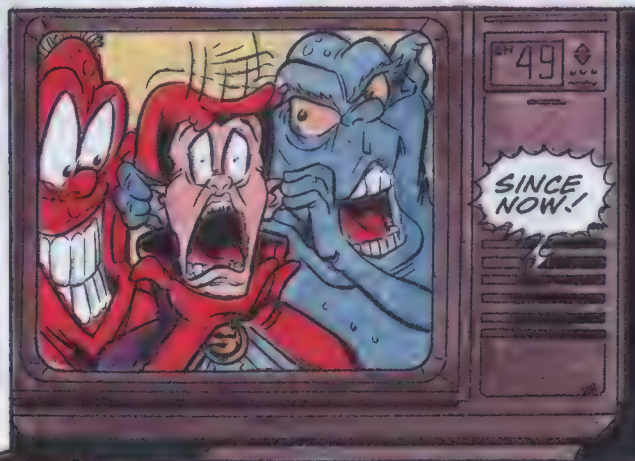
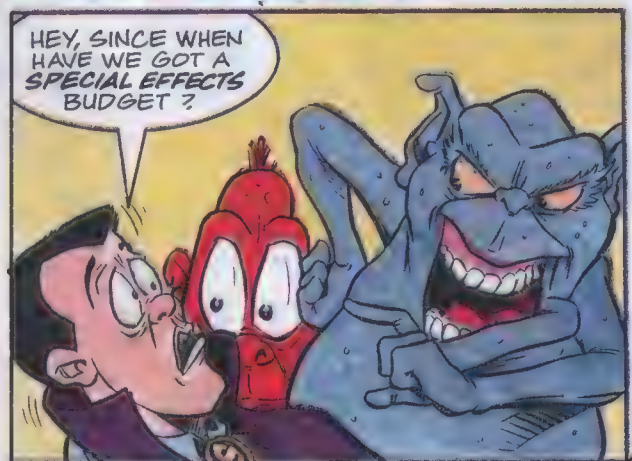
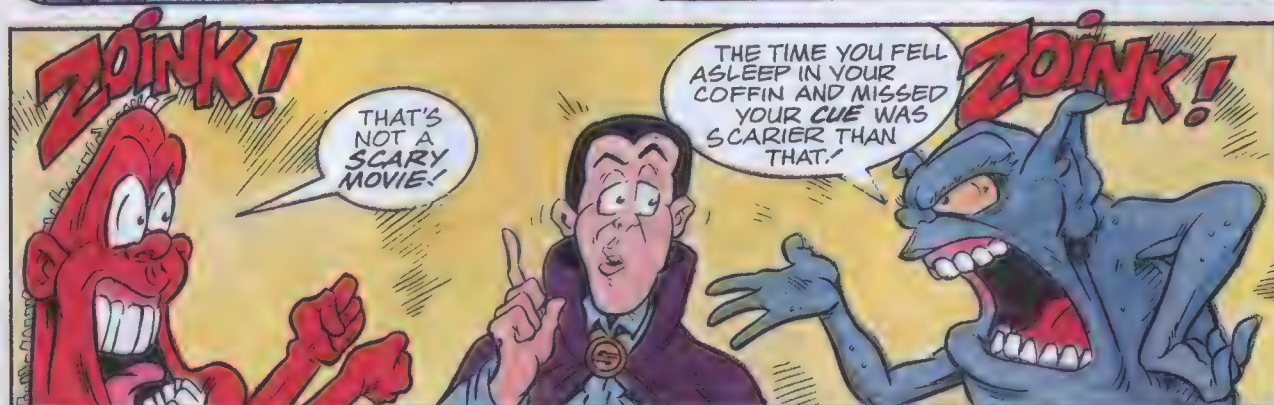
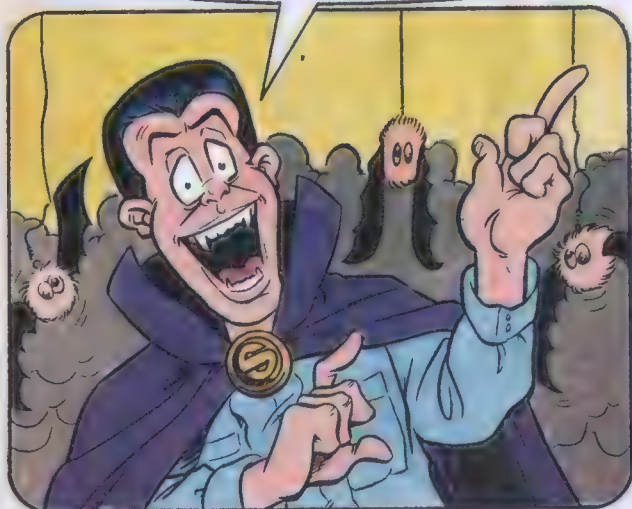
he average ghost is fond of a dramatic entrance at the best of times, but there are none so keen on a taste of the melodramatic as those haunting the stage! Many theatres have their own resident spirit and it is often deemed to be a good omen if the ghost is seen on the opening night, as it bodes well for a long run. One of the most famous spectres is that of William Terriss, who has been sighted on many occasions in London's Covent Garden. Terriss was a colourful adventurer, turned actor and in 1897 he was playing the lead role in a play at *The Adelphi Theatre* in The Strand. One night as he was leaving by the stage door, he was set upon and stabbed to death. This gruesome and violent

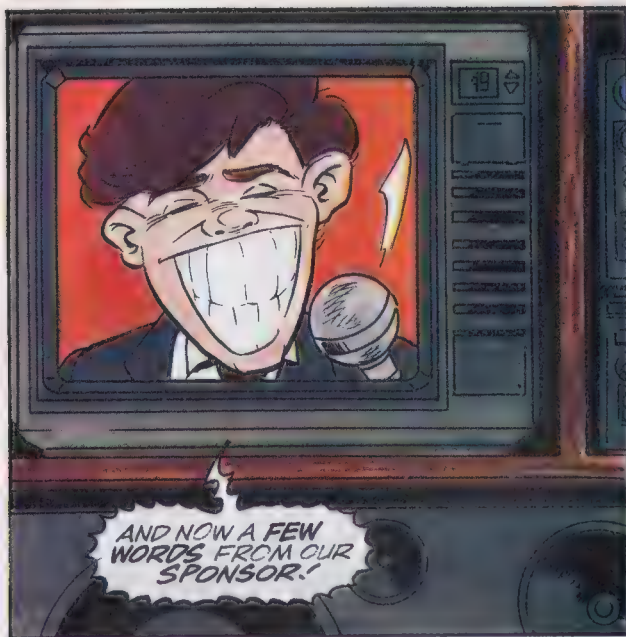
murder was obviously responsible for the recurring appearance of his restless spirit. Many actors have heard curious tapplings thought to be the presence of his unhappy spectre. In 1928, a comedy actress had the couch she was sitting on seized from under her and then the mysterious force grabbed her arm leaving a sizeable bruise. She had not heard the stories of the ill-fated ghost until her dresser told her later that this was Terriss' dressing room. Years later, in 1955, the ghost was seen by a ticket collector at Covent Garden tube station and then four days later, he reappeared and touched the head of a young porter. Both men instantly recognised the spectre when shown pictures of Terriss, and since then, his presence has been reported by a few staff

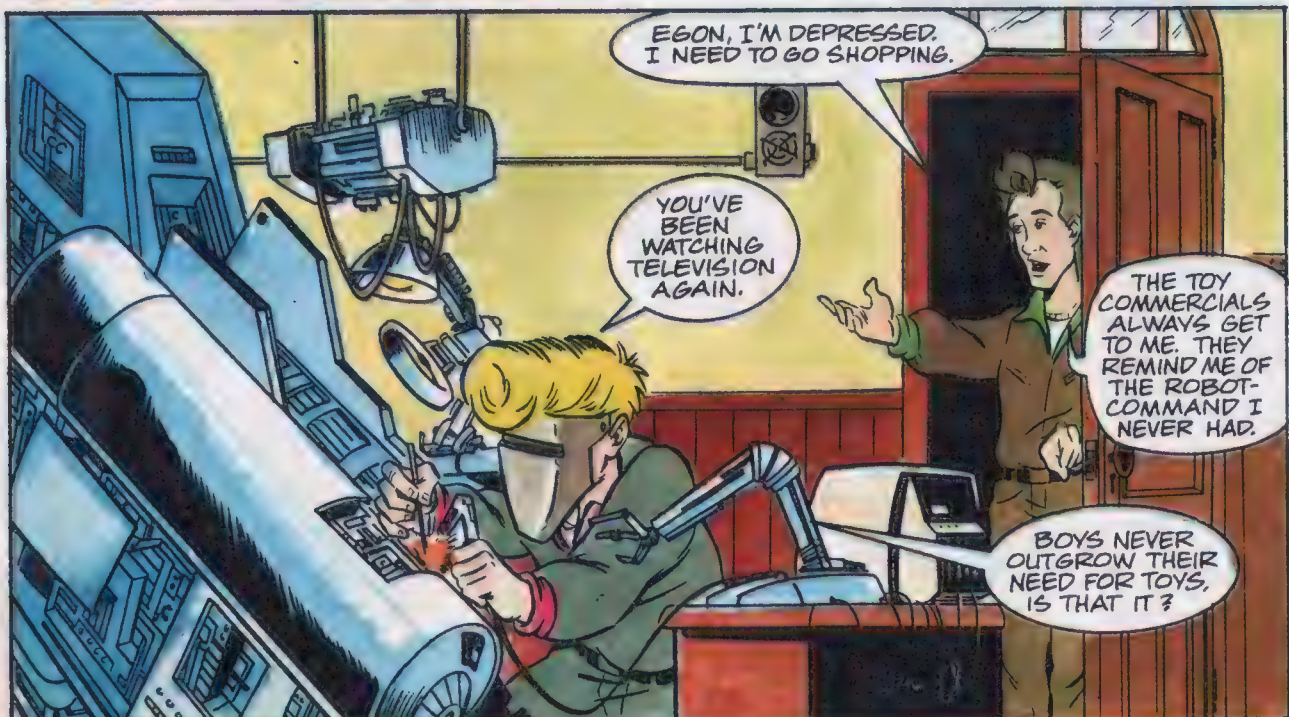
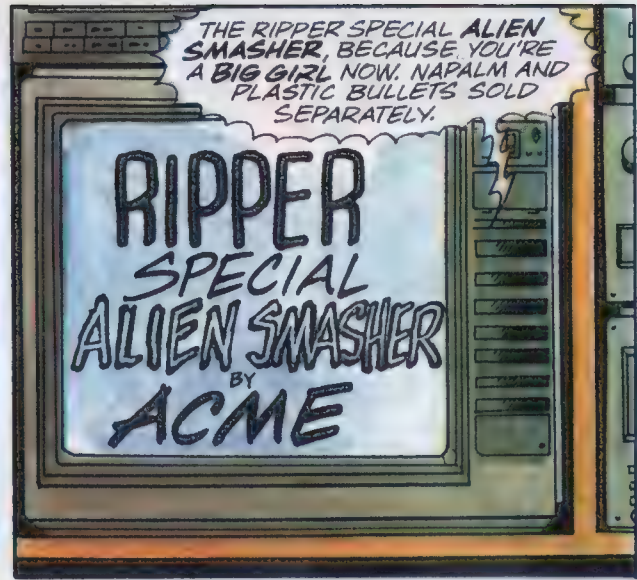
on the Piccadilly Line. Similar stories have been reported at the *Drury Lane Theatre*. All the sightings were of the same figure, an eighteenth century dandy with a powdered wig, wandering in the dress circle. No one knew the origins of the eerie figure, until a workman discovered a hollow brick wall containing a grisly skeleton with a dagger between its ribs. Many actors and actresses have seen ghostly figures watching their performances during rehearsals and the unearthly thespians have often been spotted in the hallowed, deserted stalls of the theatre by unsuspecting cleaners. It is thought that these poor spirits have such a great love for their chosen profession that they are unable to leave it, even after mortal life has deserted them!

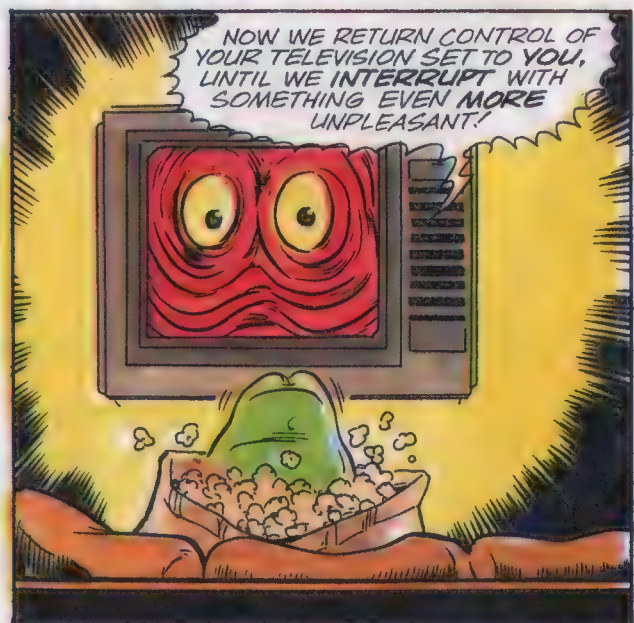
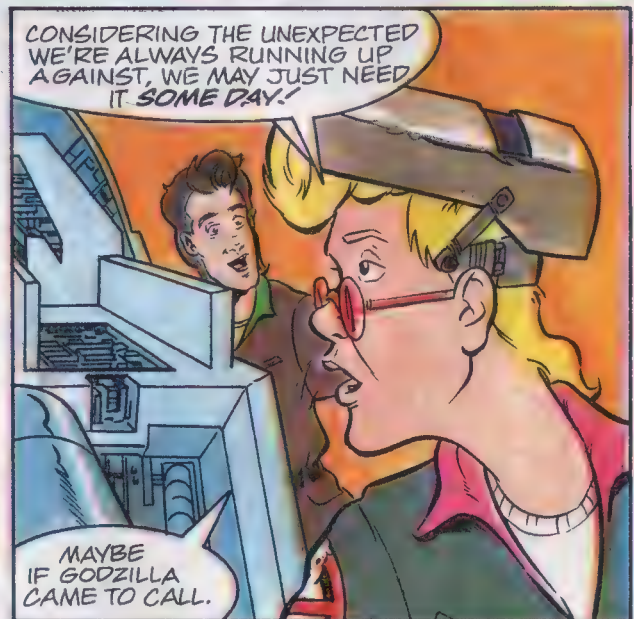
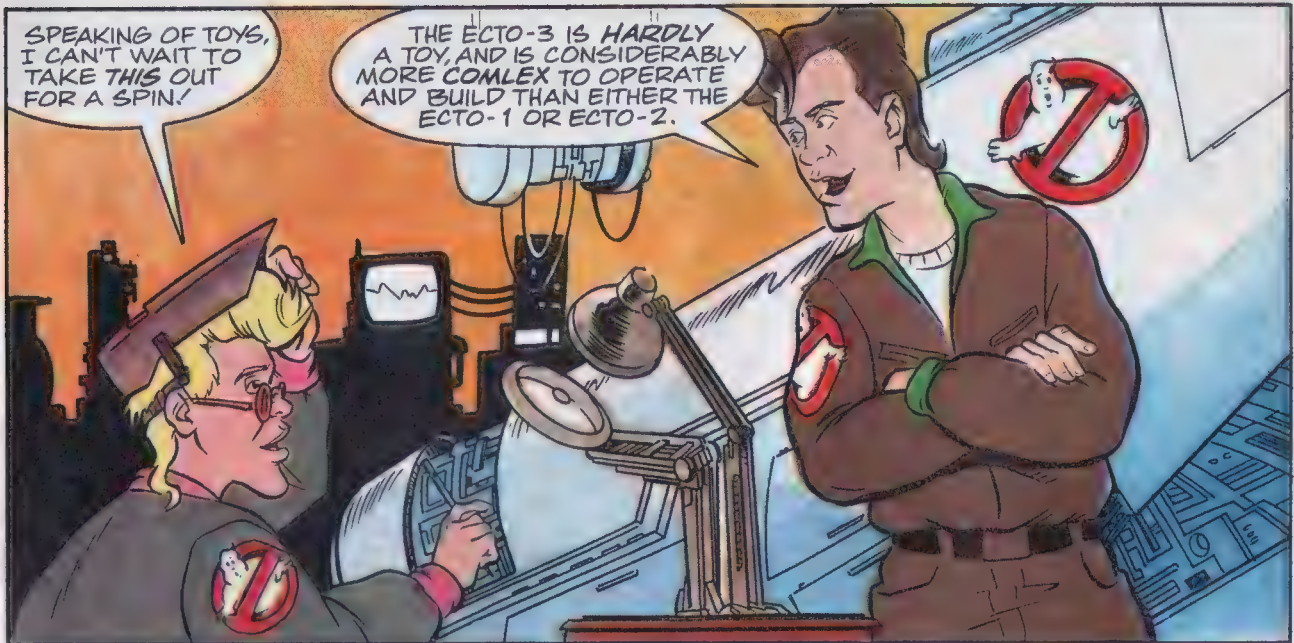


THIS IS COUNT SPROCKULA
WITH THE SUPER-DUPER ALL-NITE
THEATRE! TONIGHT IS THAT, er,
SCARY THRILLER. ANCHORS AWEIGH!









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MANCHESTER COMIC MART

The organisers apologise for the cancellation of the 20 May date (due to circumstances beyond our control).

Next date is: Saturday, July 21st
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Full details & map (sae): **Golden Orbit (mc), 18 Nelson Street, York YO3 7NJ**

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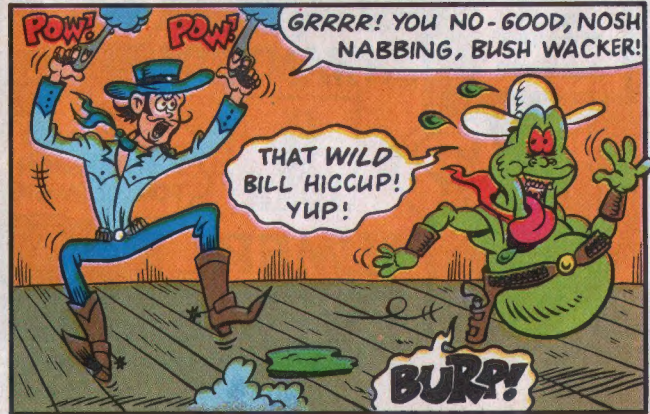
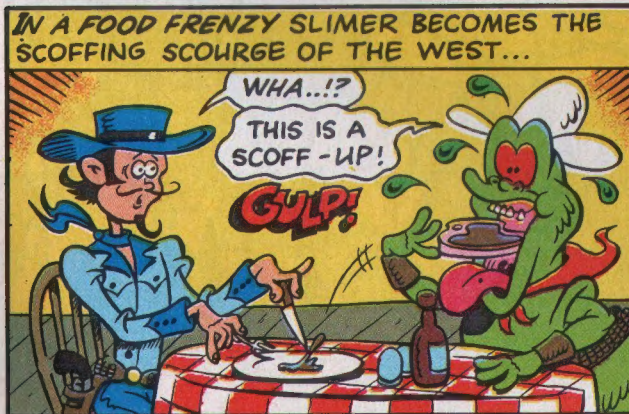
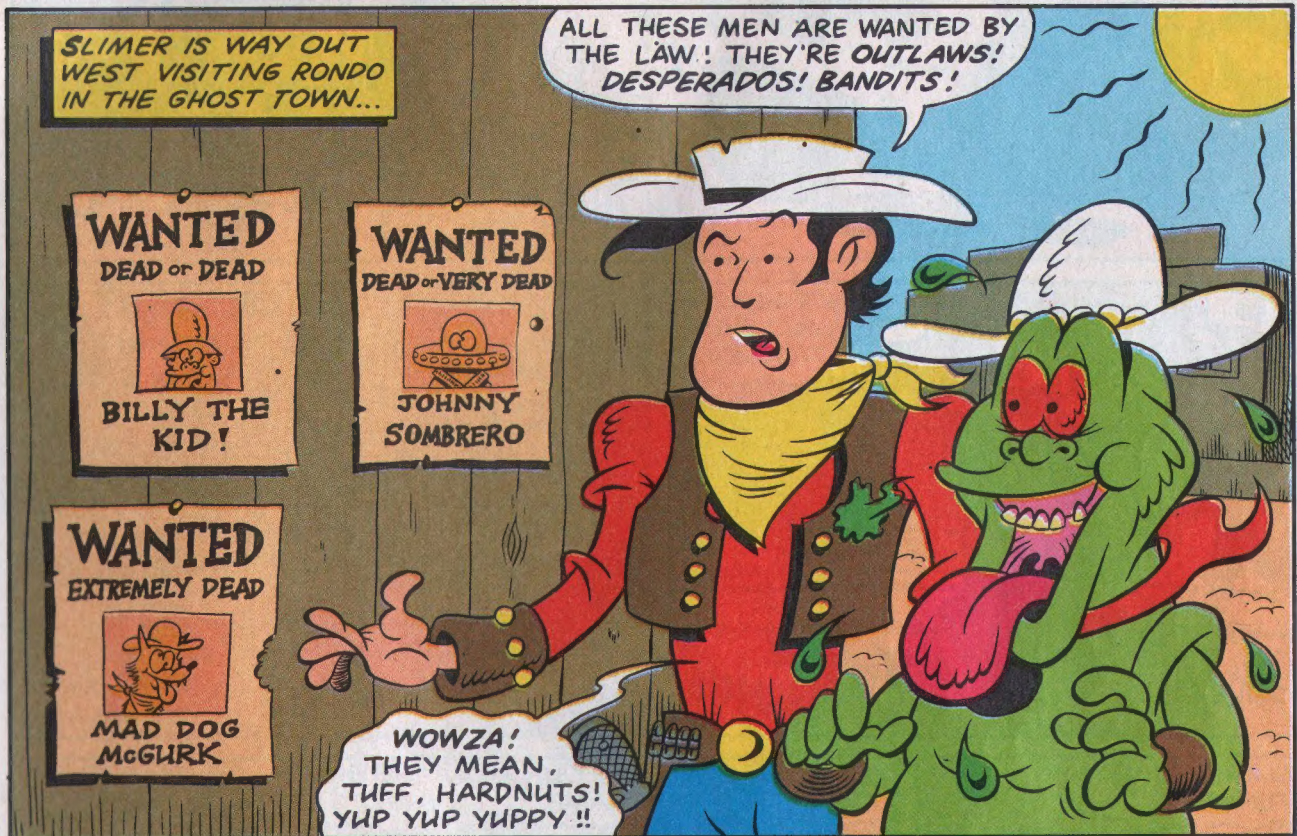


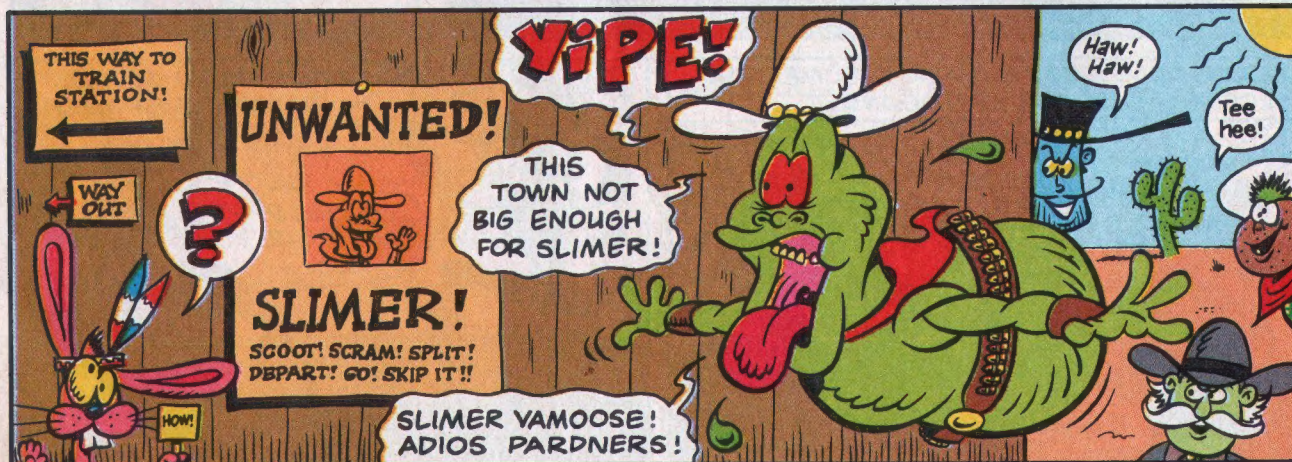
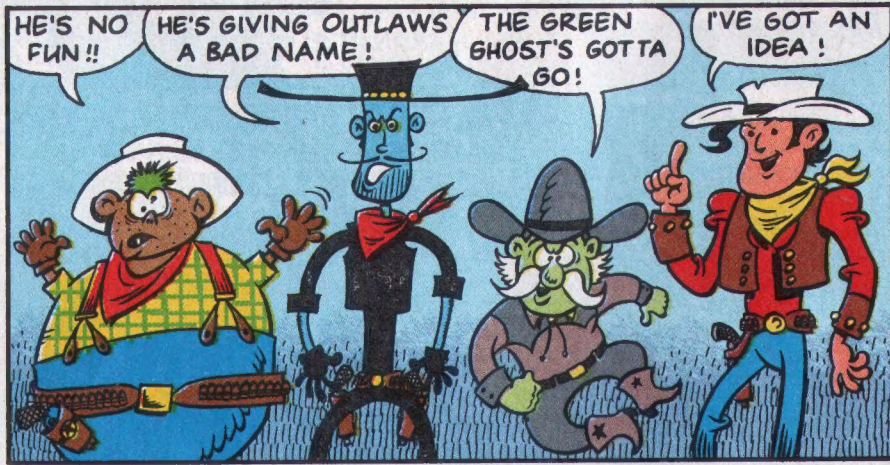
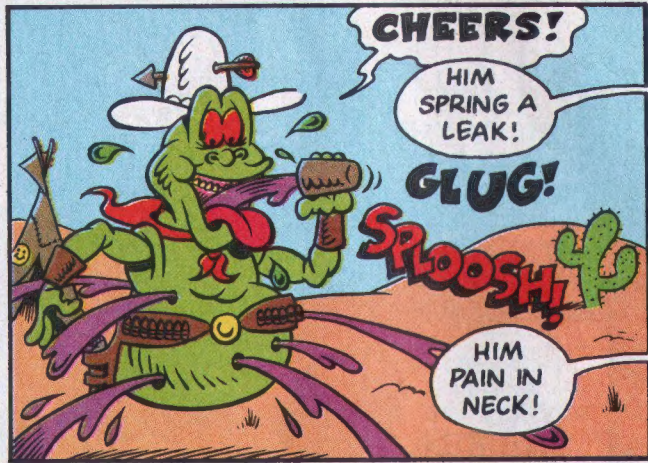
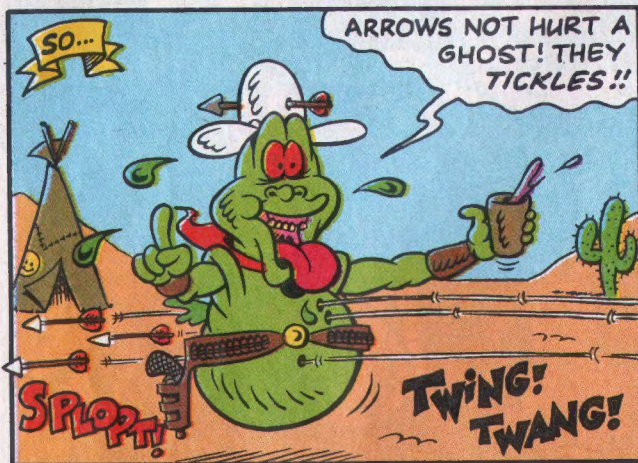
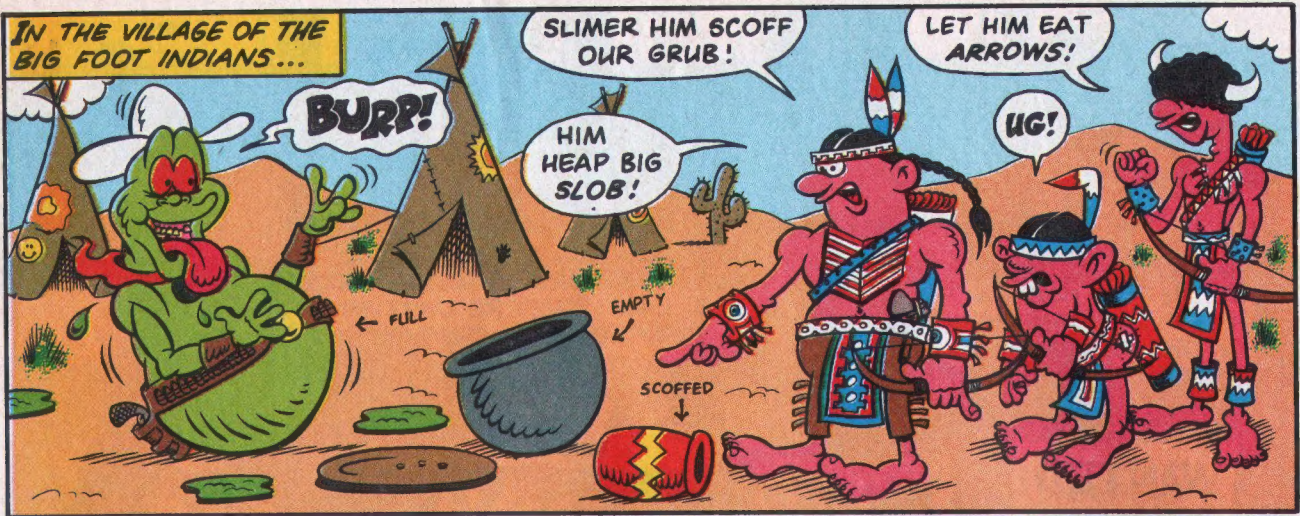
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IT'S SLIMER!





GH⁰ST WRITING!



Ghostly greetings to all you ectoplasmic and devilish devotees out there. Keep on sending those burning questions and I'll answer as many as is humanly possible.

Dear Peter . . .

I have a few questions for you:

1. In 'Ghostbusters II', the slime was pink, but in the comic version the slime is green. Why is this?
2. How comes that in 'Ghostbusters II' Slimer never slimes you?

— Simon Brandish, Norfolk.

PS If you don't print this letter I will not read your comic ever again.

Well, Simon my boy, it's not like me to surrender to blackmail, but I'd like you to answer just one question: How will you ever know if I have printed your letter unless you read the comic every week? Bit of a tricky one that, isn't it! I suppose I might as well answer your questions now. 1.

We love the colour green. Greeeeeeeeeeeeen! See! We love it! 2. It's simply because I never saw Slimer in the film. Good job too, I think!

Please could you answer my questions:

In 'Deadquarters!', all four of you are covered in slime, but on the next page you are clean again. How comes?

— Jimmy Fletcher, Enfield.

The slime that was generated from the possessed Ghostbusters' HQ was so slimy that it dripped off of us straight away! Okay?

I think you are the coolest dude ever and I know that you are probably swamped with loads of letters but could you please answer these questions:

1. Who invented the Proton Packs?
2. Who are the minions of Gozer?

Your number one fan,
Christchurch.

1. Bit of a weird name you've got there, Christchurch, but, even though you should know this answer by now, you seem to have such good taste that I'll answer it just one more time. Egon invented the Proton Packs and the Guns, and the Traps, but it was Ray that actually built them! Okay? 2. The minions of Gozer were Zuul and Vinz Clortho, Gatekeeper and Keymaster, respectively!

I have some questions for you:

1. How does Vigo come alive?
2. Can Slimer drive ECTO-1?
3. Was it hard to make the Proton Packs?

— Peter Gallagher, Ayrshire.

1. Vigo had prophesized his return for centuries past, and in this prophesy he had stated that he would return on a river of evil and it was the slime underneath the city that was giving him the power! 2. Put it like this, we don't let him. But that's not to say that he doesn't drive it on the sly! 3. Well, it wasn't hard for me. I just let Egon and Ray do all the work!

Could you tell me how old Egon, Ray, Winston and you are?

— Adam.

Old enough, thank you very much!

Will you answer my questions:

1. Who sang the music to 'Ghostbusters'?
2. Why is Ray so fat, and Egon not?
3. What is Ecto-X? I missed the issue!

— Matthew Prescott, Billericay.

1. Ray Parker Jr. 2. Probably because Ray eats more than Egon! 3. Shame on you, Matthew. How could you have missed Issue fifty? Ecto-X was a robotic ghostbuster that Egon invented to aid us in our job. Unfortunately, Ecto-X got possessed by a matrix demon that caused a serious malfunction and made the robot entrap us. Well, you can't win 'em all!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

TROUBLE HOOTERS!



SLIME TIME!

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What do you call a girl with a lavatory on her head?

Loo-Loo!

– Gareth Kidman, Essex

Why do werewolves howl?

Because they don't know the words!

– Alexander Connolly, Finstock

What did the skeleton say to his girlfriend?

I love every bone in your body!

– Joanne Mitchell, Ipswich

What do you get if you cross a parrot with an alligator?

Something that bites your head off and says: "Who's a pretty boy then!"

What's green and dangerous and good at sums?

A crocodile with a calculator!

"Doctor, Doctor, I feel invisible!"

"Who said that!"

– Martin Pirie, Aberdeen.